# WOODEN SPOIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS



"DO NOT PRESUME TO SPEAK TO ME ANY MORE!"

Synopsis.—Hilary Askew, young American, comes into possession of the timber and other rights on a considerable section of wooded land in Quebec—the Rosny seigniory. Lamartine, his uncle's lawyer, tells him the property is of little value. He visits it, and finds Morris, the manager, away. From Lafe Connell, mill foreman, Askew learns his uncle has been systematically robbed. Askew and Connell reach an understanding, and Askew realizes the extent of the fraud practiced on his uncle. Askew learns that Morris, while manager of his (Askew's) property, is associated with the Ste. Marie company, a rival concern, of which Edouard Brousseau is the owner. Hilary discharges Morris and makes Connell manager. Askew discovers a gang of Brousseau's men cutting timber on his property. After an altercation he is compelled to engage in a fistic battle with "Black Pierre," the leader, and whips him. He also clashes with Leblanc, his boss jobber.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

How far could he count on them? To the last penny, perhaps, and literally. Their jobs would hold them to him in spite of Brousseau, just so long as their wages were forthcoming. Probably nine-tenths of them resented his presence in their country. His victory over Black Pierre had raised him in their estimation; they might hate him instead of despising him, but that was all. He could count on the devotion and faithfulness of perhaps one man besides Lafe Connell—little Baptiste.

The gang was hard at work below the dam, strengthening the structure of the boom. Riviere Rocheuse, pouring down from the foothills of the Laurentians, speeds with great force through the gorge above St. Boniface, widens opposite the settlement, and, gathering its waters there, shoots straight as a dart over the broken cliff into the gulf.

If, when the jam was broken, the pressure of the great mass of logs proved too strong for the boom, instead of passing into the flume they would pour over the cataract into the St. Lawrence, where their retrieval would be impossible. Such an accident had happened on a small scale once before. If it should happen now the loss would end all Hilary's hopes.

He was glad Baptiste had seen this. Hilary searched for the figure of the little timekeeper and general utility man, but failed to find it.

He ascended the hill beside the rushing cataract. He was crossing the waste land where the logs and tin cans were strewn when he saw Jean-Marie. The little man was engaged in earnest conversation with Black Pierre behind a shed. Black Pierre seemed to be protesting vigorously.

The presence of the man beside Baptiste came to Hilary with a shock. Without changing his pace he advanced toward them, in his mind repeating Lafe's advice over and over.

He was still inwardly quivering, yet trying to appear unconcerned, when the two perceived him. Pierre turned toward him with a scowl on his bruised face. His eyes were blackened, and he looked the incarnation of malignancy.

He spoke to Baptiste quickly, and to Hilary's surprise Baptiste, without acknowledging his presence, walked slowly away with him. Baptiste's sudden departure puzzled Hilary a good deal at the time, and much more afterward.

CHAPTER V.

Marie Dupont.

Lafe was as despondent as Hilary over Leblanc's treachery. Hilary had only one cause for satisfaction in the situation, and that was a purely personal one. He was glad that Leblanc's cancellation of the contract had left the Chateau grounds immune, and so had neutralized Brousseau's first move in the campaign.

What galled him was the reflection that in this fight which Brousseau had thrust upon him he was fighting Madeleine too. He shrank from the thought of Madeleine Rosny as Brousseau's wife; he tried to think of her as sacrificing herself for her father's sake. But this picture would not hold together; she was most evidently acquainted with Brousseau's designs, and approved of them.

On the day after the interview with Leblanc a new development occurred. Lafe, who had been grumbling all day, came into the office and flung down his hat in utter dejection.

"Something new?" asked Hilary.

"There's talk of a strike," said Lafe in disgust. "Brousseau has had his men at work among 'em, and they're saying that you're keeping wages down, and that Brousseau would give two dollars a day if you would."

"He wants to get into my capital, eh?"

"It's just one way of hitting us. I tell you, Mr. Askew, it's a tough job we've taken on. You know these men ain't got sense. Simeon Duval has been handing out free drinks in that cabaret of his at Ste. Marie, and telling them what a hard master you are, and they're just swallowing it."

"We'll face that trouble when it develops," answered Hilary.

But Hilary did some hard thinking, and it settled about Dupont. If Brousseau could buy out Dupont he was finished; he could never get a lumber schooner that year, and he must get out some shipments before navigation closed. He decided to appeal to Father Lucien to help him out in this difficulty.

But Father Lucien forestalled him with a visit that evening. He was agreeably surprised by the warmth of his welcome, heard Hilary attentively, and at once volunteered to assist him. "But there will be no trouble, monsieur," he said. "Captain Dupont is independent, and he does not love the Ste. Marie people.

"Father Lucien," said Hilary, "I was going to have a talk with you later about certain things that are objectionable—the liquor trade, for instance."

Father Lucien stopped and thumped his stick upon the chipstrewn sand.

"Now that is exactly what was in my mind when I started out to see you today, Monsieur Askew," he answered. "They are bad people over at Ste. Marie, and they are making St. Boniface as bad as they are. They laugh at me when I speak to them. It is bad; but it cannot go on, Monsieur Askew, as I said to you the day I see you. I 'ope we shall be frien's. Now I know we shall be, and, please God, we shall at least keep the brandy out of St. Boniface."

They stopped and shook hands upon their compact, and then went on together, past the straggling outskirts of the village, beyond the wharf, until they reached Dupont's cottage.

The cure tapped at the door. Within Hilary could hear the murmur of voices, which suddenly ceased. Then there came the splutter of a match, and the flame of a lamp. Hilary saw a girl's figure in silhouette against the shade.

It was that of Marie Dupont, the captain's daughter, and Hilary remembered that there was some mystery about her; he had seen her going her solitary way about the village, ignored by all and ignoring all.

At the same time he saw another figure slinking away into the shadows of the pines. Father Lucien saw it too, and darted forward and caught it by the arm, and drew it toward the beach.

It was a girl of about four and twenty, with a foolish, weak face and gaudy finery.

"Nanette Bonnat," said the cure very sternly, "how often have I forbidden thee to come here?"

"Let me go!" cried the girl, whimpering and struggling.

The door opened and Marie Dupont stood on the threshold. The flickering light of the lamp within fell on her face, illuminating one side and leaving the other half in shadow. The face was pretty, but sad, embittered, and rather hard. The cure, still holding Nanette by the arms, turned toward Marie.

"So my instructions count for nothing!" he said angrily.

"Well, why should she not come here, Monsieur Tessier?" demanded Marie Dupont. "Have I so many friends in St. Boniface that I should turn from those few I have? In Ste. Marie they are glad to see me. Is it so wrong that I should go there with my friend to dance sometimes, when the doors of St. Boniface are closed to me?"

The ringing scorn in her voice was characteristic of some latent strength; she seemed to Hilary like one who has been hammered into strength upon the anvil of life.

Father Lucien released Nanette. "There, run along," he said, with pity in his voice. "Do not come here again, Nanette." He made a swift sign over her. "God be with thee, Nanette," he said gently.

The girl fled from him, sobbing, and Hilary could hear her sobs after she had been hidden by the pines.

"Where is thy father?" asked the cure.

"He has gone to the store," faltered the girl. "Monsieur Tessier—"

"I shall say nothing," answered Father Lucien. "But do not let this happen again, Marie," he continued, "thou hast won the love of a good man."

"Nanette Bonnat," Said the Cure Very Sternly, "How Often Have I Forbidden Thee to Come Here?"

Her face hardened, and she looked sullenly at the priest.

"A girl should think long before refusing a good man who loves her."

She cast her eyes down; and there was the incarnation of rebellious stubbornness in the rigid figure.

The captain's steps were heard, crushing the wood chips into the shingle. The old man came quickly forward into the arc of lamplight; quickly, as if he feared the realization of some terror gnawing at his heart. For a moment Hilary saw the pale gray eyes with the same menace upon his own. Then Dupont knew him.

"Bonsoir, Monsieur Askew," he said, extending his hand.

He opened the cottage door, but the cure did not enter.

"Captain Dupont," he said, "there has been trouble between Mo'sieur Askew here and Monsieur Morris."

"I have heard of it," replied the captain.

"Ask him if he is willing to accept his orders from me," said Hilary.

The cure translated, and the captain answered him, stroking his gray beard and speaking with slow emphasis.

"It is all right," said Father Lucien finally. "Captain Dupont takes his freight where he finds it. He takes from your company in accordance with his contract. He will not break it. If Brousseau refuses him freight he can pick up all he needs on the south shore. You can rely on him."

Hilary felt deeply satisfied. If the captain was staunch, not Morris nor Brousseau nor all his men should prevent him from getting out a record cutting before navigation closed.

"Tell Dupont we'll keep him busy," Hilary said.

When he was with Father Lucien upon their homeward way he asked him a question about a matter that had puzzled him.

"Why does Dupont look at me as if I were his mortal enemy?" he asked.

"Ah, Monsieur Askew," said the cure, stopping to thump his stick upon the shingle, "there is a story there. So he looks at every man when first he meets him. He fears for the girl Marie—and unfortunately he is right in his fears. For she has her mother's nature.

"It was many years ago, nearly twenty, I think, and before I came here, when Capt. Jules Dupont was a fisherman in St. Boniface. He was married to Marie Leteilier, who was much younger than he, and gay and thoughtless. People said it was an ill-made match; but she loved him, and they were happy.

"When he left his young bride to go sealing off Newfoundland the tongues wagged, but he trusted her, and when he returned there was the child Marie, and a warm welcome. So three years passed.

"When Jules Dupont returned the fourth year his wife was gone. With whom? Nobody knew. I know more than anyone in St. Boniface, but I never knew. Some wanderer from the south shore; and six months later she was back with the child, pleading for forgiveness. He sheltered her until her death soon afterward. Since then his fear has been that Marie will have inherited the mother's nature. He never makes a voyage but he returns in fear and haste. And he wishes her to marry Jean-Marie Baptiste, who loves her—but you have seen tonight to what her mind is turning.

"The women recall her mother's fate, and their dislike has made her secretive and solitary. And it is lonely here, and Ste. Marie so near. Monsieur Askew, you saw the girl Nanette. She is from St. Joseph, of decent parents, who mourn for her. She was lured from her home to Ste. Marie, and I have fears that some one is using her as a tool to get the girl Marie Dupont into his clutches. But what can I do save watch and wait?

"Therefore, Monsieur Askew," continued Father Lucien, much agitated, "I implore you to prevent this evil from spreading to St. Boniface. It is Brousseau who debauches those poor people there. It is he who is responsible for all this evil. He cares nothing for the people, so long as he wields their votes for his creature in the parliament at Quebec. And this, monsieur, was chiefly the cause of my visit to you tonight, to urge you to keep the brandy and the dance halls out of St. Boniface, for I hear it being said that one of the Duvals boasts he will open a dance hall there."

"No brandy shall be sold on the St. Boniface property, Father Lucien."

"I am glad, monsieur," answered the cure. "But Simeon Duval and his brother Louis boast of Brousseau's protection, and they are dangerous men."

"You have my promise," said Hilary, "that they shall not sell liquor in St. Boniface. And by heaven I'll smash any man who tries to corrupt my people!" he added, with a vehemence that surprised himself.

Hilary slept poorly that night. Trouble seemed to be thickening about him. Had he, indeed, the power to handle these wild people whose very tongue he could hardly understand?

Then, out of the darkness, there rose, in vivid portrayal, the face of Madeleine Rosny. He admitted now how much she meant to him, enough to make any venture worth the while. He thought of their last meeting; and in spite of it he dared to dream of a happier one to come.

Before he fell asleep he had decided to go to Quebec and try to secure some jobber to take over Leblanc's lease. At the same time he would look up the land records and get an accurate idea of the extent of the Rosny seigniory.

Characteristically, he put his plan into practice two days later, when the down boat arrived, instructing Lafe to hold up the dynamiting till his return. Lafe saw him off, and he had hardly arrived on board before discovering that Morris had embarked at Ste. Marie. Hilary suspected him of having learned of his plan and spying on him. The two men eyed each other, but did not speak.

Hilary put up at the Frontenac and, having business with the customs office with reference to a shipment of machinery, a small matter requiring a refund, he called there, and was disgusted to see Morris coming out of the revenue department in conversation with the assistant chief.

He failed entirely in his attempts to get a jobber to sublease Leblanc's tract. There were plenty of small men willing to do so on the installment system, but none willing to risk an immediate investment on a territory with such a reputation as St. Boniface had unjustly acquired.

Hilary knew he had to thank Morris for that. He returned to St. Boniface next day with only one thing accomplished. He had seen the land map and ascertained that the upper reaches of Rocky river had been surveyed and that the creek was wholly on his own land. He found, too, with some surprise, that a large island out in the Gulf was part of the Rosny domain. It had not appeared on Morris' rough map.

Lafe, who met him at the wharf, looked worried.

"I'm glad you've come," he said, as they drove to the mill together. "Things were pretty bad on Saturday night."

"They're striking?"

"No, Mr. Askew. That's the brightest point in the situation. MacPherson, the foreman, tells me that it's called off. Brousseau's dropped that maneuver, for some reason of his own."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"I guess Brousseau's off on another tack, Mr. Askew. All the hands was over to Ste. Marie on Saturday night by special invitation from Simeon Duval, who owns the biggest dance hall there. There was free drinks for everybody, and the whole place was in an uproar till Sunday morning. Not a stroke of work has been done here till yesterday, which means a four-day week. The men are only just sobering up now.

"However, that ain't the worst, by a long sight. It's a sort of open secret that they're going to open up St. Boniface wide, and Simeon's—"

"You mean Simeon has dared to start one of his hells here while I was away?" cried Hilary angrily.

"Not yet," said Lafe. "There ain't no more liquor being sold here than usual—yet. But they're going to open up if they can. Simeon's brother Louis has rented that house by the old stables that Jean Baptiste used to occupy last year before it began to go to pieces, and he's going to have a dance hall there and sell brandy—"

Hilary rapped out an oath. "Not if I have anything to say," he answered.

"Nor me," said Lafe. "The trouble is, where do we start in? We can't fight the whole town single-handed. I was wondering whether we couldn't wire the revenue people—"

"No!" said Hilary sharply. "We'll fight our own battles, Lafe."

Lafe subsided in a hurt sort of way. The evidences of demoralization were obvious in St. Boniface. The men were slow and surly, the women sullen, slatternly and hopeless-looking. It was clear that they had little hope Hilary could counter this new project. Hilary was aware of a feeling in the air, as if he was being tested. He saw furtive glances as he went by, he recognized reluctance in the sullen touch of the cap and the unsmiling faces, while not hostile, watched him with something like resentment, as if his attitude toward the Duval proposal was discounted beforehand.

Hilary had kept in his mind a plan of cutting along the bank of the river, without waiting for the snow. It seemed to him a feasible plan to fell right beside the water, and float the logs down, this requiring no teams to haul, a profess impossible until the snow was deep. On the Saturday he went out afoot to survey the timber in the upper reaches. In order to get a clearer view, Hilary took the public road that ran along the eastern bank, within the Ste. Marie limits, and ascended to an elevation opposite the low-lying tract on the west side.

He had nearly reached the branch road which ran in toward Ste. Marie, along which Lafe and he had driven on that first morning, when he perceived Madeleine Rosny and Brousseau ahead of him, at the top of the rise. They seemed to be talking earnestly, and Hilary held back, unwilling to surprise them. Presently he saw Brousseau spur his horse and gallop away in the direction of Ste. Marie, while Madeleine came slowly toward him.

She saw him and turned her horse aside to let him pass. She had been crying, and there were traces of tears still on her cheeks. She would have waited for him to go by, her face averted, but Hilary placed his hand upon the horse's bridle.

"Mademoiselle Rosny—" he began.

"Let me go on," she said in a low tone.

"I want to speak to you. And if you are in trouble I want to help you."

She smiled wearily. "I am not in trouble, and if I were I should hardly ask your aid, Monsieur Askew," she answered. Then, with sudden vehemence, "Why did you come here?" she cried. "Why could you not have left St. Boniface alone, instead of stirring up hatred? Is it not enough that my father should have been compelled to sell your uncle our trees, without your coming here to exult over our shame?"

"I have not exulted, Mademoiselle Rosny; I am sorry."

"Take back your pity. We don't want it. What has Monsieur Brousseau done to you—or Mr. Morris?"

"Morris, since you inquire, has swindled me out of several thousand dollars' worth of lumber, Mademoiselle Rosny. As for Monsieur Brousseau, the trouble is of his own seeking."

"You went upon Monsieur Brousseau's land and quarreled with one of his workmen, and you ill-treated him shamefully, just because you are big and strong, and not afraid of a weaker man. And you and your hired men—our men who serve you—have taken Monsieur Brousseau's lumber, and you are going to sell it as your own. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you outlaw!"

"You're altogether wrong, Mademoiselle Rosny," answered Hilary quietly. "The quarrels were none of them of my seeking. Monsieur Brousseau, who is quite capable of taking care of himself, lays claim to land and lumber which is not his. I suggest, mademoiselle, that you have not shown sufficient cause for your hostility.

"I have done you no wrong," urged Hilary. "I have come here to take charge of a legacy which my uncle left me. It is all I have in the world. It has been my hope to make the task successful and, in succeeding, to consider my neighbors and help my employees. Is not this a case for our working amicably together, as you suggested in the case of Monsieur Brousseau? Come, Mademoiselle Rosny, let us forget our quarrel and be friends."

She did not take the hand that he extended, but she looked at him in wonder.

"You spoke of my good-will," she said presently, with a touch of mockery. "What is that to you? Surely my father's feeling toward you, which is mine, can have no power to help or injure you?"

"It means much to me, your good-will, Mademoiselle Rosny," said Hilary.

She leaned forward in her saddle. "Monsieur Askew," she said, "listen to me. If you value my good-will you shall have it on one condition."

"On any condition."

"That you leave St. Boniface."

"Except that," said Hilary.

"It is not that I grudge you your possession," resumed the girl hurriedly. "Believe me, I am not thinking of that. As you said, the money was paid, and the rights are yours. But this is no place for you, monsieur. I could esteem you and—and give you my good-will if you said 'I have made a mistake,' and went. Why do you stay here, to stir up trouble and agitate us all? What is it you want,

"Let Me Go," She Said in a Low Tone.

that you will not take the value of your trees from Monsieur Brousseau and go?"

"I have a natural objection to being driven out of my own property," said Hilary.

"It should never have been yours, Monsieur Brousseau wanted it, but my father—"

She broke off in agitation. Hilary laid his hand lightly upon the rein, near her own.

"Mademoiselle Rosny," he urged, conscious that he was as agitated as she, "I want to ask you something. I do not want you to go to Ste. Marie. I said I wanted to help you. Perhaps I had no right, but I do not want you to go there. It is because I honor you, and—"

She was staring at him in greater distress. He hardly knew whether she understood.

"If Monsieur Brousseau—" she began, half-choking.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle, but does he mean so much to you as that?"

She started and twitched the rein away. "You are insolent!" she cried. "How dare you question me or lay down the law to me? No, I have heard enough. Stay, then, Monsieur Askew, and cut down the trees that you have bought, and sell them; but do not presume to speak to me any more!"

She touched her horse with her spur, and the beast bounded away, almost flinging Hilary to the ground. Her face was flaming; yet, as she rode, Hilary could hear her sobbing again.

He was sure that Brousseau was the cause of her distress. He recalled Lafe's words to himself on the night of their first meeting. Brousseau's grasping hand was stretched forth not only on the seigniory but on its heiress—and he vowed that the battle between them should be fought out on this ground also.

CHAPTER VI.

Inside the Dance Hall.

It had been the general expectation that Louis Duval would open his saloon that evening. Hilary was aware that Louis and two assistants were engaged in carpentering behind the closed door of the shanty. However, evening came and the house remained closed. Furthermore, there was a general exodus toward Ste. Marie, and when the news came that Louis himself had gone it became clear that he had postponed his inauguration of the test of Hilary's authority, for reasons known best to himself, or perhaps to Brousseau.

Hilary came to the decision to ride over to Ste. Marie that night and see what was transpiring there. Lafe, to whom he confided his scheme, thought it risky, but, when he could not induce Hilary to change it, asked permission to accompany him and made him promise to avoid trouble.

It was about an hour after dark when they turned up from the beach into the main street which held the chief dance halls. Simeon Duval's place was working full blast, as were half a dozen more, and Hilary recognized numbers of his own men en route. Nobody appeared to notice them, however, and they reached Simeon's place unaccosted, and, standing upon the porch beside the door, looked in.

It was a large wooden building, within which a score of lumbermen were dancing, mostly with one another; but a few had women partners.

There was no pretense of secrecy in respect of the sale of liquor. Simeon Duval, whom Lafe indicated to Hilary, was a stoutish, middle-aged man in shirtsleeves, with pale blue eyes and a thin crop of reddish hair, turning gray. He wore spectacles, which gave him a strange, scholastic expression, and the arms beneath his upturned sleeves were a mass of fat and muscle. The interior was vilely hot, gusts of fetid air came rolling out with the tobacco smoke, and the din was deafening.

As the two stood there Hilary was astonished to see little Baptiste push past them and enter. His face was agitated, and he seemed to see nothing but his objective. He strode through the dancers toward one side of the room, where two girls were seated. Hilary had observed one of them decline several invitations to dance and drink, though apparently urged by the other; now he recognized them as Nanette and Marie Dupont.

Baptiste strode straight up to Marie and stood before her. Hilary could hear nothing, but he saw the little timekeeper gesticulating, and apparently imploring her. He saw Marie shrug her shoulders and avert her face. Nanette was laughing, and two or three of the lumbermen nearby watched the little scene with amusement. Baptiste grew more vehement. Marie turned on him angrily.

A dance hall—and the beginning of more trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## DEATH LAID TO EVIL SPIRITS

Bangalas Tribe in Africa Refuses to Believe That Mortal Dissolution Is Certain.

Strange rites and ceremonies still abound in Africa. Most of these have their origin in superstitions instigated by the medicine men or magicians of a tribe for their own betterment, while many are adopted as customs of a tribe.

Foremost of the funeral "celebrations" in Africa is that of a tribe called Bangalas, near the Quango river. Here the deceased is asked to state the cause of his death, and is often prosecuted before being buried.

The death of an African in these sections is never announced, and, only on inquiry is anyone told of the death of a tribe member. When the death is generally known the relatives come and fall into a state of excitement and wailings, with frequent interruptions of a hilarious nature. Drums and musical instruments are assembled and the revelry is continued until after sunrise. This ceremony occupies two days. The body is brought out during these ceremonies and fastened in a sitting posture in a chair and placed at the door of his hut. The idea of the natives is that the deceased shall share in the festivities.

Only the mother and wife of the deceased show signs of grief. After the "celebrations" the deceased is put under rigid examination as to what or who caused his death. Naturally, he is unable to answer, and the crowd abuses him, demanding an answer. At last it is agreed that he was killed through the aid of evil spirits. The body is then taken to the cemetery.

The inhabitants do not believe that everyone must die, that evil spirits alone interfere with lives.

### The Main Point.

"Your society was formed to decide a number of questions of great scientific importance?" "Yes. We arranged to consider the manifestation of the psychic impulse in protoplasmic life and the molecular energy developed by the prismatic transmutation of light waves and kindred topics." "And have you done so?" "No. We've only been in session a week. We haven't yet decided the question of who is to be chairman."

### Ants That Plant.

A species of ants living on the semi-arid plains of Texas cultivate areas of grass about their dwellings. On the cultivated space, which may have an area of ten to fifteen feet, only one kind of grass is allowed to grow, and it is said that the seeds of this grass are planted by the ants. Roads are laid out regularly, radiating from the hill across the plain, and the shoots of undesirable plants are promptly nibbled off as fast as they appear among the crops. When the harvest of the protected grass is ripe the ants collect the seeds and convey them along a radiating highway to the little rooms in their hills. Interesting and wonderful is the economy of these tiny insects. They may, when the colonies are large and numerous enough, do considerable damage to grain in fields where their mounds are reared and the clearings made.

### Harvest and Hunter's Moon.

The full moon nearest the autumnal equinox (September 22) is known as the "harvest moon." Owing to the occurrence of minimum retardation in the time of rising at that period, the moon rises at nearly the same time on several successive nights. It rises early and gives the husbandmen who have been playing golf all day an opportunity to gather their crops, hence its name. The "hunter's moon" is the moon following the "harvest moon." The occasion for its name is obvious. It occurs at the season of the year when the country youth, the harvest having been gathered, slings his gun over his shoulder and wanders through the woods in search of the gray squirrel and other larger game.

### Sea-Island Cotton.

Practically all of the sea-island cotton is produced in the states of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, the finest coming from the chain of islands off the Carolina coast. It is wet named sea-island cotton, as when grown away from the coast the fiber rapidly degenerates into upland cotton unless seed grown in the islands is obtained for planning successive crops.

### Alcohol From Moss.

A Swedish syndicate is planning to distill alcohol spirit from white moss there being enormous quantities of it available